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Rehearsal Script:

Project No: 1/LDL J 201H

"DOCTOR WHO" 7F

'The Flight of the Chimeron'

by

AMENDED VERSION OF  
"DELTA AND THE  
BANNERMEN"

Malcolm Kohl

EPISODE ONE

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O.B.:

24th June to 8th July  
(Home and away. Incl. Travel)

DOCTOR WHO 7F - 'THE FLIGHT OF THE CHIMERON'. EPISODE ONE.

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
MEL  
DELTA  
RAY  
BILLY  
GAVROK  
HAWK  
WEISMULLER  
MURRAY  
TOLLMASER  
BURTON  
KEILLOR  
WOUNDED CHIMERON  
TOURIST  
WOMAN TOURIST

SPEAKING NOT SEEN

TOLLPORT VOICE

NON-SPEAKING

BANNERMEN  
ALIEN TOURISTS  
CHIMERONS  
HOLIDAY CAMPERS  
HOLIDAY CAMP STAFF

\* \* \* \* \*

MODEL SHOTS:

SPACE: American rocket and satellite  
SPACE: Satellite and bus  
SPACE: Bus and Tardis

O.B.:

Int. Tardis (Console Room)  
Int. Bannermen Fighter flight deck (doubles for Fighter #2)  
Int. Space Toll (Booth)  
Ext. Space Toll Runway  
Ext. Quarry. Battle area  
Ext. Quarry. Overhang  
Ext. Pine Forest  
Ext. Welsh hillside

DOCTOR WHO 7F - 'THE FLIGHT OF THE CHIMERON'. EPISODE ONE.

O.B.: (cont)

Int. Space Toll Hanger  
Int. Bus  
Ext. Stream  
Ext. Welsh Valley  
Ext. Holiday Camp (Shangri-La). Vicinity of bus.  
Int. Delta's Cabin  
Ext. Boatshed. Holiday Camp  
Int. Dining Hall. Holiday Camp  
Int. Dance Hall. Holiday Camp  
Ext. Hill top  
Int. Laundry Store. Holiday Camp  
Ext. Laundry Store. Holiday Camp

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7F

'The Flight of the Chimeron'

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Malcolm Kohl

EPISODE ONE

SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

1. INT. TARDIS.

(THE DOCTOR IS AT  
THE CONTROLS.  
A SPACE TOLLPORT  
IS ON THE SCREEN,  
A PATTERN OF  
LANDING LIGHTS  
GETTING CLOSER.

THE TIME ROTOR  
RISES AND FALLS,  
LIGHTS FLASH.  
MEL PEERS AT  
THE SCREEN)

VOICE OVER: (DISTORT THROUGH INTERCOM)  
Attention incoming craft. You are  
approaching tollport G715. Please  
have your credits ready.



THE DOCTOR: It's strange how in some galaxies these tollports spring up like mushrooms, yet in others you can go for light years without seeing a single one.

MEL: Er ... Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: I think it relates to the way in which space is being developed - there never was a consistent three-dimensional planning policy.

MEL: (INTERRUPTING) Doctor, something doesn't look right. Only the landing lights are on. It looks abandoned.

THE DOCTOR: Of course by ignoring the overspill from the fourth dimension entirely they sometimes built one port right on top of another, only realizing it when there was an interface slippage.

MEL: This is serious, Doctor. There's something wrong.

THE DOCTOR: I know it's serious - I don't have any change.

(HE FUMBLES IN  
HIS POCKET. THE  
SCREEN IS FILLED  
BY THE TOLLPORT)

(Please) take five credits from the kitty.

(MEL REACHES INTO  
A STRIPED TIN -  
EMPTY)

MEL: There's nothing in here -  
again!

THE DOCTOR: That kitty defies all  
known physical laws. We always fill  
it up and yet it's always empty.

(THE DOCTOR SUDDENLY  
LOOKS HARD AT THE  
SCREEN)

Mel! There's something wrong. Only  
the landing lights are on!

(MEL GIVES HIM A  
SIDELONG GLANCE  
THEN TURNS TO  
THE SCREEN. THE  
IMAGE STABILIZES.  
THE TIME ROTOR  
SUBSIDES AND  
THE FLASHING  
LIGHTS GO OUT)

2. EXT. SPACE TOLL. RUNWAY. NIGHT.

(THE TARDIS IS  
IN THE CENTRE  
OF 3 CONCENTRIC  
RINGS ON A  
CONCRETE SLAB.  
LIT BY A SINGLE  
HARSH SPOT.  
NEXT TO THE  
RUNWAY IS A  
SMALL TOLLSHED  
IN DARKNESS.

BEHIND IT WE  
CAN DISCERN A  
COUPLE OF LARGE  
HANGARS WITH G715  
WRITTEN LARGE  
ON THE SIDE.

MIST BLOWS ACROSS  
THE COLD APRON.

THE TARDIS DOOR  
OPENS AND THE  
DOCTOR CAUTIOUSLY  
PEERS OUT, THEN  
EMERGES FOLLOWED  
BY MEL.

BOTH ARE BEING  
STEALTHY, EXPECTING  
TROUBLE)

THE DOCTOR: Hmm, I don't like it  
one little bit.

MEL: Me too. It's spooky.

THE DOCTOR: Be ready to get back to  
the Tardis at the first sign of  
trouble.



(A SEARCHLIGHT  
CUTS THROUGH  
THE NIGHT,  
ISOLATING THEM  
IN ITS GLARE)

VOICE OVER: Halt!

THE DOCTOR: (PEERING INTO THE DARKNESS)  
Who's there? Why don't you come into  
the light and show yourself?

(THE LIGHTS BLAZE  
ON IN THE TOLLSHED,  
REVEALING THE ALIEN  
TOLLMASTER IN A  
SPANGLY JACKET  
AND BLOWING A  
PARTY RAZZER.  
HE IS GRINNING  
FROM EAR TO EAR.  
THE VOICE IS  
HIS)

TOLLMASTER: Surprise! Welcome  
friends, a thousand times welcome!

THE DOCTOR: Funny way of showing  
your friendship. I thought you'd  
been robbed by space pirates. Now,  
about the toll fee ...

TOLLMASTER: Tonight is your lucky  
night. You are our ...

(HE LEANS OUT OF  
THE BOOTH AND  
POINTS TO A  
DIGITAL COUNTER  
ABOVE HIS HEAD.  
IT FLASHES 10,000,000,000)

... Ten Billionth customers!

(TOLLMASTER BLOWS  
HIS RAZZER)

THE DOCTOR: Ten billion, eh? Well, congratulations. Now, if I can just settle up we'll be on our way.

TOLLMASTER: But you've won the Grand Prize!

MEL: What is it?! I've never won anything before!

(THE TOLLMASTER  
PRODUCES A GOLD  
ENVELOPE WHICH  
HE TEARS OPEN)

TOLLMASTER: You have won ... Our Fabulous Fifties Tour - a week in Disneyland, planet Earth! This time they're going back to 1959!

MEL: That's fantastic! Oh let's go, Doctor - please agree - I haven't been to Earth in ages. Oh please.

(MEL LOOKS  
APPEALINGLY  
AT THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Yes, a week's holiday might in fact be quite pleasant, now that I think about it - a rolling green sward, a cool stream, birds twittering. Exactly what's needed, a large dose of tranquility.

3. EXT. QUARRY. DAY.

(A STRONG EXPLOSION  
ROCKS THE SCREEN.

GREY FISSURED WALLS  
RISE UP FROM THE  
BEDROCK. HUGE  
BLOCKS OF ROCK  
LITTER THE FLOOR  
OF THE AREA,  
MAKING A MAZE  
OF HIDING PLACES.  
SMOKE BLOWS IN  
HEAVY BILLOWS  
ACROSS THE SCENE.

A FIERCE BATTLE  
IS IN PROGRESS  
BETWEEN THE SAVAGE  
BANNERMEN AND THE  
SOFT PUPA-LIKE  
CHIMERONS. THE  
FIELD IS LITTERED  
WITH DEAD AND  
DYING CHIMERONS.  
THEY RESEMBLE  
PUFFY MICHELIN  
MEN IN IRRIDESCENT  
GREEN SUITS,  
SEGMENTED LIKE  
INSECTS, SILVERY  
GREEN SKIN.  
THEIR HAIR IS  
SILVER AND THEY  
HAVE STARTLING  
BLUE EYES.

STANDING ON A LARGE  
BLOCK IS GAVROK,  
THE BANNERMEN  
LEADER, COMMANDING  
THE ACTION. HE  
IS AN AWESOME  
SIGHT WITH RED  
EYES AND A BLACK  
MILITARISTIC UNIFORM.



GAVROK, HAS A  
ZAP GUN SLUNG  
ACROSS HIS CHEST  
AND A SPEAR IN  
ONE HAND FROM  
WHICH HANG THE  
LONG BLACK  
PENNANTS OF  
HIS EMPIRE.  
IN THE OTHER  
HAND IS A  
CURVED RAM'S  
HORN.

WE HEAR THE  
CLASH AND  
CLAMOUR OF  
BATTLE.

HIDING IN A  
NARROW FISSURE  
IN THE ROCK  
WALLS ARE A  
WOUNDED CHIMERON  
AND A WOMAN IN  
A WHITE COMBAT  
SUIT, THE BEAUTIFUL  
DELTA. BOTH HAVE  
GUNS IN THEIR  
HANDS AND PICK  
OFF BANNERMEN  
WHEN THEY CAN.  
JUST THEN A  
MOURNFUL NOTE  
MAKES THEM LOOK  
UP. GAVROK HAS  
THE HORN TO HIS  
LIPS)

GAVROK: (SHOUTING) Take no  
prisoners! Kill them all!

(FURY CREASES  
DELTA'S BROW.  
SHE POPS OUT  
OF THE FISSURE  
FOR AN INSTANT  
AND FIRES! THE  
RAM'S HORN  
EXPLODES IN  
GAVROK'S HAND.

CHIPS OF ROCK  
RAIN DOWN ON  
DELTA AND THE  
CHIMERON AS  
THEIR ENEMIES  
GET THEIR RANGE)

DELTA: Are you strong enough to  
run?

CHIMERON: Run where? They've  
firebombed every ship we have.

DELTA: Then we'll have to take  
one of theirs!

(DELTA PEERS  
THROUGH THE  
FUG LOOKING  
FOR THEIR CRAFT.

SHE POINTS.

THE CHIMERON  
FOLLOWS HER  
SIGHTLINE)

4. EXT. QUARRY. OVERHANG. DAY.

(ANOTHER AREA OF  
THE QUARRY.

A SQUAT BLACK  
FIGHTER BRISTLING  
WITH WEAPONS.  
PARKED BENEATH  
THE OVERHANG)



5. EXT. QUARRY. BATTLE AREA. DAY.

(DELTA AND THE  
CHIMERON.

A BEAM STRIKES  
JUST BEHIND HER  
HEAD)

DELTA: Now!

(SHE AND THE  
CHIMERON RUSH,  
FIRING, FROM  
THEIR HIDE.  
EXPLOSIONS  
ALL AROUND.

WE SEE A LARGE  
BAG STRAPPED  
TO THE CHIMERON'S  
BACK)

6. INT. BANNERMEN FIGHTER. FLIGHT DECK.

(A BANNERMAN GUARDING  
THE OPEN HATCH  
SLUMPS DOWN.

DELTA SHOVES  
HIM ASIDE AS  
SHE AND THE  
CHIMERON DASH  
INSIDE)

DELTA: I'll cover the hatch while  
you retract the anchor ballast.

(SHE FACES THE  
DOOR. THE CHIMERON  
TURNS TO THE  
CONTROLS WHEN HE  
CRIES OUT -  
GAVROK IS BEHIND  
HIM.

GAVROK FIRES  
AND THE CHIMERON  
GOES DOWN. GAVROK  
FACES HER WITH A  
LEER)

GAVROK: You are the last survivor,  
but not for long. Move!

(HE GESTURES  
HER TOWARDS  
THE HATCH.  
SHE RAISES  
HER HANDS.

GAVROK COMES  
UP TO HER AND  
NUDGES HER  
TOWARDS THE HATCH.

JUST THEN A  
BEAM HITS  
GAVROK ON THE  
SHOULDER, KNOCKING  
HIM OUT THE  
HATCH.

DELTA SLAMS  
IT SHUT AND  
SPINS THE  
LOCK. WE  
HEAR MUFFLED  
BANGING NOISES  
AS SHE RUSHES  
TO THE WOUNDED  
CHIMERON WITH  
HIS SMOKING GUN)

DELTA: You saved my life ...

CHIMERON: (WEAKLY) Go ... Get  
away ... Take this with you ...

(HE PUSHES THE  
BAG TO HER.  
SHE OPENS IT  
AND FINDS A  
LARGE SILVER  
ORB. SHE NODS.  
THE CHIMERON  
DIES. BANGING  
NOISES INCREASE  
AND THE SOUND  
OF A DRILL BITING  
INTO METAL BEGINS.  
SHE SETS HER JAW  
AND SITS AT THE  
CONTROLS. SHE  
FRANTICALLY TRIES  
ALL THE KNOBS.

FINALLY THE SHIP  
SHUDDERS THEN  
TAKES OFF)



7. EXT. PINE FOREST. DAY.

(A REMOTE PINE  
WOOD. BIRDS  
CHIRPING - A  
GENTLE CONTRAST TO  
THE PREVIOUS  
SCENE.

A MORRIS MINOR  
APPEARS AND  
COASTS TO A  
HALT. TWO  
LARGE AMERICANS  
GET OUT, DRESSED  
IN 50'S STYLE.  
THEY ARE HAWK,  
WITH BLACK-  
RIMMED SPECTACLES,  
AND WEISMULLER,  
WITH A BEERGUT.

THEY CHECK THAT  
THEY'RE ALONE  
THEN GO TO A  
TREE AT THE  
ROADSIDE.

WEISMULLER STICKS  
HIS ARM INTO A  
HOLE AND TAKES  
OUT A SMALL  
ALUMINIUM SCREWTOP  
FILM CAN.

INSIDE IS A MESSAGE.  
HE READS THE NOTE  
THEN HANDS IT TO  
HAWK.

HAWK READS THE  
NOTE THEN EATS  
IT. THE NEWS  
IN THE NOTE  
CREATES A SOMBRE  
MOOD)

WEISMULLER: I never had a red alert before.

HAWK: Me neither.

WEISMULLER: I reckon we'd better find a callbox fast.

HAWK: Out here?

(WEISMULLER SHRUGS  
AND STARTS OFF  
TOWARDS THE CAR.  
HAWK FOLLOWS)

8. EXT. WELSH HILLSIDE. DAY.

(A BARE HILLSIDE  
WITH A POLICE  
CALLBOX BESIDE  
A NARROW ROAD.  
THE SCENE SHOULD  
BE AMBIGUOUS -  
WE DON'T KNOW  
WHETHER OR NOT  
WE'RE LOOKING  
AT THE TARDIS.

UNTIL THE MORRIS  
PUTTERS INTO  
SHOT AND STOPS  
BESIDE IT.  
WEISMULLER CROSSES  
TO THE BOX.

HAWK OPENS THE  
CAR BOOT AND  
PRODUCES A  
BRASS TELESCOPE.

HE SWEEPS IT  
OVER THE VALLEY.

WEISMULLER TAKES  
A SMALL CODE BOOK  
FROM HIS POCKET  
AND PICKS UP  
THE RECEIVER.

WE HEAR CLICKS  
AND WHIRRS THEN  
A LOUD RINGING.  
WHEN IT'S ANSWERED  
WEISMULLER STANDS  
TO ATTENTION)

WEISMULLER: Hello, this is a Code  
Eleven call, please patch me through  
to the White House ... Washington  
USA ... (SHOUTING) Hello? Yes sir,  
agent Jerome P. Weismuller here.  
From Wales. Wales, England. Yes  
sir. Yes sir. We'll get right onto  
it, sir.

(WEISMULLER HANGS  
UP)

HAWK: Well?

WEISMULLER: That was the President's  
right hand man. Whew!

HAWK: (HIS PATIENCE WEARING THIN)  
Come on, Weismuller, spill the  
beans! Why the red alert!

(WEISMULLER LOOKING  
ROUND TO MAKE SURE  
THEY'RE NOT  
OVERHEARD)

WEISMULLER: Says that Cape Canaveral  
has just fired a space rocket with  
an artificial satellite.

HAWK: This is history, in the  
making, Weismuller! Uh ... what  
are we supposed to do about it?

(WEISMULLER TAKES  
THE SCOPE FROM  
HIM AND SCANS  
THE SKIES)

WEISMULLER: Surveillance, Hawk.  
It's our job to track the thing.



(HAWK GIVES A  
LOW WHISTLE.

WEISMULLER HANDS  
HAWK THE SCOPE  
AND GETS INTO  
THE CAR. HE  
STARTS THE  
ENGINE)

9. INT. SPACE TOLL. HANGAR.

(A HUGE HANGAR,  
DIVIDED INTO  
A MAZE OF  
PASSAGES.

THE TOLLMASTER  
APPEARS,  
LEADING THE  
DOCTOR AND MEL,  
WHO CARRIES  
HER SUITCASE,  
DOWN SUCH A  
PASSAGE)

MEL: Are we going to have a whole  
cruiser to ourselves?

TOLLMASTER: No, you're going on a  
scheduled tour with the Navarino  
50's club.

THE DOCTOR: Navarinos - from the  
tri-polar moon Navarro. Squat  
hairy beings which resemble  
artichokes, I believe. Won't they  
be rather conspicuous on Earth?

TOLLMASTER: Not in the least.  
They've all gone through a  
transformation arch.

(THEY EMERGE INTO  
THE OPEN BAY  
AREA AND SEE A  
50'S STREAMLINER  
BUS WITH  
'NOSTALGIA TRIPS'  
WRITTEN ON THE  
SIDE.

BESIDE THE BUS  
ARE A GROUP OF  
50'S PEOPLE,  
TRYING TO URGE  
A BIG LEAFY  
HAIRY CREATURE  
THROUGH A LARGE  
ARCH LIKE A  
METAL DETECTOR)

TOURIST: Don't be a scaredy cat!

(THE CREATURE  
WHISTLES AND  
BACKS AWAY  
FROM THE ARCH.

THEY ALL LAUGH  
AND ENCOURAGE  
IT)

Come on. It doesn't even hurt!

(THE TOLLMASTER  
ENTERS AT THE  
FAR SIDE,  
LEADING MEL AND  
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Is that one of the  
tourists?

TOLLMASTER: No, he's your pilot.

THE DOCTOR: This should be  
interesting.

MEL: What should?

THE DOCTOR: Nostalgia Trips - the  
most notorious holiday firm in  
five galaxies. The ship which was  
stuck with the Glass Eaters of Tharl  
was a Nostalgia Trips cruiser.



TOLLMASTER: They may have had some problems in the past but that's all been sorted out now.

(MEL OPENS THE  
BROCHURE AND  
SHOWS THE  
TOLLMASTER)

MEL: But the brochure shows a space cruiser, not an old bus!

TOLLMASTER: In fact it's actually an expensive conversion. The chassis and engine is from a Hellstrom II, the latest thing in cruisers. The bodywork is to please the tourists.

(THE LEAFY CREATURE  
FINALLY HOPS  
THROUGH THE ARCH.

IT'S BOMBARDED  
BY LIGHTS, ETC.

WHEN IT CLEARS  
WE SEE THAT THE  
CREATURE HAS  
TURNED INTO A  
CHUBBY FIGURE  
IN A WRINKLED  
BUS DRIVER'S  
UNIFORM, MURRAY)

MURRAY: I've been through that thing a hundred times but I still don't like it. Welcome aboard, I'm Murray.

MEL: I'm Mel and this is The Doctor.

MURRAY: That's great! Knowing Nostalgia Trips, we may need a doctor. Come on folks, all aboard!

(HE STARTS  
SHEPHERDING THEM  
ALL ONTO THE BUS)



- 1/22 -

THE DOCTOR: You go ahead on the bus Mel. I'll follow on in the Tardis. It's just about as reliable.

MURRAY: You don't think the old bus will make it, Doctor? Underneath this streamliner shell is a Hellstrom Fireball engine - there's none finer.

(MURRAY PATS THE  
WING.

A MIRROR DROPS  
OFF.

THE HANGAR  
DOORS START  
TO OPEN)

TOLLMASTER: Have fun now!

(HE BLOWS HIS  
RAZZER ONE  
LAST TIME)

10. INT. BANNERMEN FIGHTER. FLIGHT DECK.

(DELTA PUTS THE  
CRAFT ONTO AUTO  
AND GOES TO THE  
DEAD CHIMERON.

A TEAR FALLS AS  
SHE STARES AT  
HIM FOR A MOMENT,  
THEN TAKES STOCK  
AND COVERS HIM  
WITH A SHEET.

SHE GOES BACK  
TO THE CONTROLS.  
A GREEN LIGHT  
PULSES AND BLEEPS  
ON THE CONSOLE  
BEFORE HER.

JUST THEN THE  
VIDEO SCREEN  
CRACKLES INTO  
LIFE, THERE IN  
FRONT OF HER IS  
GAVROK, HIS  
SHOULDER BANDAGED  
AND BLOODY, AND  
AN UGLY SMIRK ON  
HIS FACE)

GAVROK: You cannot escape me -  
wherever you go I'll track you down.

DELTA: How many of my people  
survived?

GAVROK: You are the last. Turn  
back - there is nowhere you can  
hide.

(HER EYE FALLS  
ON THE GREEN  
LIGHT)

DELTA: Your Trace Finder can follow the ship, Gavrok, but you'll never take me!

(SHE FLIPS THE  
SCREEN OFF  
AND BITES HER  
THUMBNAIL AS  
SHE THINKS  
HARD)

VOICE OVER: Attention incoming craft. You are approaching tollport G715. Please have your credits ready.

(DELTA SNAPS INTO  
ACTION. SHE  
FREES THE AUTO  
DRIVE AND TAKES  
THE CONTROLS,  
WRENCHING THE  
SHIP INTO A  
TIGHT TURN WITH  
ONE HAND SHE  
AIMS HER GUN AT  
THE GREEN LIGHT)

11. INT. BANNERMEN FIGHTER#2. FLIGHT DECK.

(GAVROK IS STARING  
AT KIND OF RADAR  
DISH WITH A GREEN  
BLIP APPEARING  
IN SYNCH WITH  
DELTA'S GREEN  
LIGHT.

IT SUDDENLY GOES  
OUT)

GAVROK: (ANGRILY) She's somehow  
cut off the Homing Trace. Visual  
Pursuit!

(THE VID SCREEN  
COMES ALIVE.

HE SEES HER SHIP  
IN THE DISTANCE.

IT SUDDENLY VEERS  
OFF COURSE)

Copy her vector!

(HIS PILOT TRIES  
TO TURN BUT IS  
TOO SLOW)

You're overshooting, fool! She's  
ducked into that space toll.

VOICE OVER: Attention incoming  
craft. You are approaching ...



(GAVROK SLAMS HIS  
FIST INTO THE  
LOUDSPEAKER,  
SILENCING IT.

ON THE SCREEN  
WE GLIMPSE THE  
SPACETOLL RUSH  
PAST)

12. EXT. SPACE TOLL. RUNWAY. NIGHT.

(THE BUS EMERGES  
FROM THE HANGAR  
AND STOPS BESIDE  
THE TARDIS.

A MAN WITH  
SIGNALS GUIDES  
THE BUS TO ITS  
TAKE-OFF  
POSITION.

JUST THEN THERE  
IS A SCREAM OF  
ENGINES AND  
DELTA'S CRAFT  
APPEARS.

HER POWERFUL  
LANDING LIGHTS  
RAKE ACROSS THE  
SCENE.

THE HATCH FLIES  
OPEN, SHE STARES  
WILDLY AROUND  
FOR A MOMENT  
THEN RUNS ACROSS  
THE APRON,  
CLUTCHING THE  
SILVER ORB.

DELTA JUMPS INTO  
THE BUS AS IT  
REVS ITS ENGINE.

SHE LOOKS OUT OF  
THE WINDOW AND  
CATCHES THE  
DOCTOR'S EYE.

THERE IS A BRIEF  
FLICKER BETWEEN  
THEM AS MURRAY  
TURNS UP THE  
POWER AND STARTS  
TO TRAVEL UP THE  
RUNWAY.

WE HEAR THE RISING  
SCRFAM OF JET  
ENGINES, QUICKLY  
FADING.

THE BACKWASH  
BLOWS OVER THE  
DOCTOR WHO BLOCKS  
HIS EARS AND  
HOLDS HIS HAT IN  
PLACE.

LIGHT FROM THE  
AFTERBURNERS  
DANCES ACROSS  
HIS FACE.

THE EFFECT  
PASSES QUICKLY  
AS BUS BATHERS  
SPEED.

THE DOCTOR  
CROSSES TO THE  
TARDIS, TAKES ONE  
LAST LOOK AT THE  
SMOKING FIGHTER  
THEN SCANS THE  
SKIES.

HE SEES NOTHING  
AND ENTERS THE  
TARDIS)



13. INT. BUS.

(OUTER SPACE.

STARS VISIBLE  
THROUGH WINDOWS.

MURRAY PUTS  
ON A BILL HALEY  
TAPE FOR THE  
RIGHT AMBIENCE.

WE HEAR 'ROCK  
AROUND THE CLOCK')

MURRAY: Please keep your lapstraps  
fastened for the flight and no  
dancing in the aisles. Now, are we  
all feeling fine?

THEM: Yes!!!

MURRAY: Alright! 1959, here we  
come!

(MURRAY SETS  
VARIOUS DIALS  
AND CONTROLS.

THE BUS SURGES  
FORWARD)



14. EXT. STREAM. DAY.

(HAWK AND WEISMULLER  
ARE BESIDE A SMALL  
STREAM WITH MOSSY  
ROCKS AND GNARLED  
TREES.

WEISMULLER HAS A  
VALVE RADIO ON  
HIS LAP, WIRED TO  
A 12V BATTERY.  
BAKELITE EARPHONES  
ON HIS HEAD.

HAWK IS UP A TREE  
TYING AN AERIAL  
WIRE IN PLACE.

SHEEP WANDER  
THROUGH THE  
SCENE)

HAWK: That better? You hear  
anything yet?

WEISMULLER: All I get is House-  
wives' Choice. I can't even find  
any Do-Wop.

HAWK: No signal from the satellite?

WEISMULLER: You try. (cont ...)

(HAWK OUT OF  
THE TREE.

WEISMULLER HANDS  
HIM THE CANS.

HAWK TWIDDLES  
THE DIAL.

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WEISMULLER EXTENDS  
THE TELESCOPE)

WEISMULLER: (cont) It's hopeless,  
Hawk. It could be anywhere ...

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15. MODEL SHOT.

(OUTER SPACE,  
AN AMERICAN  
ROCKET PARTS  
FROM ITS  
SATELLITE.

THE ROCKET  
FALLS AWAY,  
THE SATELLITE  
WITH ITS  
STARS AND  
STRIPES GOES  
INTO ORBIT)

16. INT. BUS.

MURRAY: Come on now, all of you!  
Sing.

(MEL LEADS THE  
SINGING.

EVERYONE JOINS  
IN.

MEL GLANCES AT  
DELTA WITH  
CURIOSITY  
HAVING NOTICED  
THE LOOK SHE  
SHARED WITH  
THE DOCTOR.

DELTA ABSTRACTED  
AND UPSET.

THEY ARE BOTH  
SITTING BEHIND  
MURRAY.

SOMEONE ELSE  
HAS ALSO NOTICED  
DELTA, A SKINNY  
CADAVEROUS MAN  
WITH BLACK  
WRAPAROUND SHADES,  
KEILLOR.

EARTH APPEARS  
IN THE BG)



17. MODEL SHOT. SPACE.

(THE SATELLITE  
AND BUS ARE  
RUSHING TOWARDS  
EACH OTHER)

18. INT. BUS.

(MEL LEANS FORWARD  
TO MURRAY)

MEL: Do you often do the 50's run?

MURRAY: Uh-huh. I love that sort  
of thing - the music, the haircuts,  
the baggy suits.

MEL: The music's the thing that  
attracts me. (TO DELTA) Where are  
you from?

MURRAY: You're not a late arrival  
for the Navarino party, are you?

DELTA: No. I'm ... A Chimeron!

(ANGLE ON KEILLOR  
LISTENING. THERE  
IS A SPINE-JARRING  
CRASH! AS THE  
SATELLITE SMASHES  
INTO THE FRONT  
OF THE BUS, SENDING  
IT SPINNING OUT  
OF CONTROL.

MURRAY FIGHTS  
THE CONTROLS.  
PEOPLE START  
SCREAMING)

19. EXT. WELSH HILLSIDE. DAY.

(HAWK AND WEISMULLER  
ARE BACK AT THE  
CALLBOX. WEISMULLER  
HAS THE SCOPE TO  
HIS EYE. HAWK  
IS IMPATIENT)

HAWK: Forget it, Weismuller.  
Without those co-ordinates we're  
shooting in the dark.

WEISMULLER: Well, I'm not making  
that call, I can tell you!

HAWK: The boss said we were to  
share everything. That includes  
responsibility, you know.

WEISMULLER: Just make the call, Lex.

(THE TELEPHONE  
IN THE CALL BOX  
RINGS. WEISMULLER  
GRABS IT BEFORE  
HAWK CAN REACT)

Weismuller here ... yes sir, no,  
nothing yet. Gee, that's too bad.  
I'll do my best sir.

HAWK: What's up?

WEISMULLER: Bad news - this satellite  
thing has gone haywire. The  
scientists think it's gonna fall to  
Earth somewhere round here. The  
Pres wants us to find it before  
certain enemy powers get their mitts  
onto it.



(HAWK COLLAPSES  
THE SCOPE AND  
TOSSES IT INTO  
THE CAR. HE  
AND WEISMULLER  
EXCHANGE A GLANCE)

HAWK: If we don't screw up on this  
one then it could mean promotion.  
We could go home, Weismuller. Home!

(THEY MOVE EAGERLY  
OFF)



20. INT. TARDIS.

(THE TARDIS IN  
FLIGHT. TIME  
ROTOR RISING  
AND FALLING.

THE DOCTOR IS  
WATCHING HIS  
SCREEN IN HORROR  
AS THE BUS  
TUMBLES OUT  
OF CONTROL.

WE HEAR A  
WHOOPING SIREN)

21. INT. BUS.

(THE BUS IS  
SHAKING VIOLENTLY.  
MURRAY IS BATTLING  
TO RIGHT IT)

MURRAY: (SHOUTING) Keep calm folks.  
Don't panic. We're just experiencing  
a little bit of technical difficulty ...



22. INT. TARDIS.

(TARDIS STILL IN  
FLIGHT - SHOWN  
BY TIME ROTOR.

THE DOCTOR QUICKLY  
PRESSING BUTTONS  
ON THE CONSOLE.  
HE HITS A FINAL  
BUTTON, STARTING  
A LOUD MECHANICAL  
HUM.

THE DOCTOR ANXIOUSLY  
WATCHES THE SCREEN)

23. MODEL SHOT.

(A BEAM SHOOTS  
OUT FROM THE  
TARDIS AND ENGAGES  
THE BUS.

IT SLOWS DOWN  
AND STEADIES  
ITSELF)



24. EXT. WELSH VALLEY. DAY.

(A PRETTY GREEN  
VALLEY WITH A  
HOLIDAY CAMP,  
SHANGRI-LA, SET  
ON THE VALLEY  
FLOOR.

THE BUS IS  
ROCKING ON ITS  
SPRINGS, BLOWING  
A STREAM OF  
SPARKS FROM ITS  
ENGINE BAY.

THE TARDIS  
MATERIALIZES.  
THE DOCTOR RUSHES  
UP AS MURRAY  
STAGGERS OUT  
OF THE BUS,  
FOLLOWED BY  
THE PASSENGERS)

MURRAY: Th-thanks, Doctor. We  
ran into a piece of space junk.  
What did you do?

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS AT THE  
BUS AND SATELLITE)

THE DOCTOR: I simply applied the  
Tardis' vortex drive to generate  
an anti-gravity spiral strong enough  
to halt your descent.

MURRAY: They could sure use a guy  
like you at head office.  
(LOOKS AROUND) Hey, this doesn't  
look like Disneyland!

THE DOCTOR: It seems as if that satellite jammed your navigation pod. As near as I can tell we're somewhere in Wales.

MURRAY: Well, we're going to have to do something with all these people until we can get the bus ship-shape.

THE DOCTOR: Maybe that series of primitive dwellings could be used as some sort of way-station.

(MEL JOINS THEM)

MEL: It's a holiday camp ...

THE DOCTOR: Perfect! Just what we were looking for.

MEL: But Doctor, it looks ... I ... don't know ... a bit grim.

THE DOCTOR: You shouldn't go by appearances, Mel. Often the most interesting people stay at these places. This is the real 50's.

(JUST THEN A  
FIGURE APPROACHES  
FROM THE CAMP.  
BALDING MAN DRESSED  
IN A FLORID STYLE.  
HE IS BURTON,  
CAMP COMMANDER.  
HE ADDRESSES MURRAY)

BURTON: We expected you hours ago. Trouble with the bus, eh? Happens all the time. Still, it's not far to the camp.

MURRAY: Erm, do you mind if we rest at the camp until the bus is fixed?

BURTON: Mind? My dear chap,  
that's what we're here for.

(HE CLAPS HIS  
HANDS AND  
GETS EVERYONE'S  
ATTENTION)

Welcome, Campers! I am your camp  
leader while you are at Shangri-La.  
My name is Burton and if there's  
anything you need just ask. Right,  
follow me!

(HE TURNS AND  
STARTS MARCHING  
BACK TOWARDS  
THE CAMP. THE  
BUS PASSENGERS  
MILL ABOUT, UNSURE  
AS TO WHAT'S  
GOING ON)

MURRAY: Erm, that's right, folks.  
You follow ... uh ... Burton and  
he'll look after you until our  
cruiser is ready to roll.

(THE PASSENGERS,  
GRUMBLING TO  
THEMSELVES, SET  
OFF AFTER BURTON.

MEL AND THE DOCTOR  
SHARE A LOOK THEN  
SHRUG. THEY FOLLOW  
EVERYONE ELSE.

MURRAY TAKES A  
LAST LOOK AT HIS  
BUS THEN FOLLOWS  
THE OTHERS)

25. EXT. SHANGRI-LA. DAY.

(A FAIRLY DISMAL  
COLLECTION OF  
HUTS BUILT AROUND  
A GRAVEL SQUARE.  
CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND  
IN THE B.G.

BURTON APPEARS,  
LEADING HIS BAND  
OF GRUMBLING  
HOLIDAY MAKERS.

WHEN THEY'VE  
ALL SHUFFLED INTO  
THE SQUARE BURTON  
CLAPS HIS HANDS  
FOR SILENCE)

BURTON: Welcome to Shangri-La where  
your dreams come true! Now, you'll  
all be sharing cabins but we eat  
together. Over there is the dining  
hall with the shower blocks behind.  
Breakfast is at eight, lunch at one  
and supper at six. Any questions?  
Splendid! I'll show you to your  
cabins.

(MEL AND DELTA  
ARE STRAGGLING  
BEHIND THE OTHERS  
AS BURTON DEPOSITS  
THE PEOPLE IN THE  
VARIOUS CABINS.

KEILLOR GIVES  
DELTA A FINAL  
GLANCE BEFORE  
ENTERING HIS CABIN.

WE HEAR SOMEONE  
WHISTLING  
'WHY DO FOOLS  
FALL IN LOVE?'



WE FOLLOW MEL  
AND DELTA.  
WE REALIZE THAT  
IT IS IN FACT  
A P.O.V. SHOT.  
THE CAMERA REVEALS  
BILLY, THE CAMP  
MECHANIC. HANDSOME  
YOUNG GUY, OVERALLS,  
WHITE T-SHIRT  
SHOWING THROUGH  
AND A QUIFF.  
GREASE MARKS ON  
HIS FACE. HE  
WATCHES KEENLY  
AS HE SEES BURTON  
USHER THEM INTO  
THE SAME CABIN,  
THEN RETURNS  
TO WORKING ON A  
PUMP, STILL  
WHISTLING HIS  
TUNE)

26. INT. DELTA'S CABIN.

(TWO BEDS AND  
DRESSER. MINIMAL.  
DOOR OPENS AND  
BURTON USHERS  
THE WOMEN INSIDE)

BURTON: You'll find a list of our  
rules and regulations behind the  
door. No questions? Splendid!

(HE EXITS.

MEL SMILES AT  
DELTA WHO'S  
FIGHTING BACK  
THE TEARS)

MEL: Not that it makes much  
difference but which bed would  
you like?

(DELTA SEEMS  
NOT TO HAVE  
HEARD)

Well, I don't really mind. One  
seems as good as the other. (cont...)

(MEL PUTS HER  
BAG ONTO ONE  
BED.

DELTA PUTS THE  
SILVER SPHERE  
ONTO THE OTHER  
BED AND SINKS  
DOWN, HEAD IN  
HANDS)

MEL: (CONT) Look, I know  
it isn't like the brochure  
but don't be too upset.

(DELTA SADLY  
RAISES HER HEAD)

DELTA: How long are we in this  
place?

MEL: Just 'til the bus is fixed.

DELTA: And then?

MEL: Then we'll go to Disneyland,  
I suppose.

DELTA: (WEARILY) It might give  
me enough time.

MEL: I can see that something's  
bothering you. Do you want to  
talk about it?

DELTA: No.

(DELTA REACHES  
INTO HER JACKET  
AND PRODUCES THE  
ZAP GUN WHICH  
SHE CHECKS.

MEL LOOKS  
SLIGHTLY NERVOUS)

27. EXT. SHANGRI-LA. DAY.

(BURTON LEADS MURRAY  
AND THE DOCTOR  
TOWARDS BILLY)

BURTON: Your cabin is at the end.  
Now, if you want some help with your  
bus I'm sure our young mechanic would  
be pleased to assist. See you at  
lunch!

(BURTON LEAVES.)

BILLY STANDS,  
WIPING HIS HANDS  
ON AN OILY RAG,  
EXTENDS HIS  
HAND TO MURRAY  
THEN THE DOCTOR)

BILLY: Hi, I'm Billy.

MURRAY: Murray.

THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.

BILLY: Old man Burton said there  
was something wrong with your bus,  
is that right?

MURRAY: We hit this low orbital  
satellite which jammed the navipod  
and here we are!

(BILLY LOOKS AT HIM  
WITH SOME SUSPICION,  
UNSURE AS TO WHETHER  
OR NOT HIS LEG'S  
BEING PULLED)



BILLY: Well, if it's got four wheels  
I can fix it.

THE DOCTOR: It shouldn't take too  
long to repair - I have a spare  
Quarb crystal on the Tardis.

(BILLY STARES AT  
HIM.

MURRAY AND THE  
DOCTOR GO OUT  
THROUGH THE  
CAMP GATES  
TOWARDS THE BUS.

BILLY PICKS UP  
HIS TOOL BAG  
AND FOLLOWS,  
QUIZZICAL)

28. EXT. BUS. DAY.

(BILLY JOINS MURRAY  
AND THE DOCTOR.

MURRAY LIFTS THE  
BONNET OF THE  
BUS.

THE DOCTOR AND  
BILLY PEER INSIDE.

BILLY WHISTLES -  
WE SEE THE REASON.

INSTEAD OF A  
GRUBBY OLD DIESEL  
ENGINE THE BUS  
HAS A HI-TECH  
JET BURNER UNDER  
THE HOOD)

BILLY: I've never seen an engine  
like that!

MURRAY: She's a Hellstrom Fireball,  
capable of Warp 5 with a good tailwind.

(THE DOCTOR REACHES  
INTO THE BAY AND  
PRODUCES THE  
SATELLITE)

THE DOCTOR: This is the cause of  
the problem - an extremely crude  
low-orbit satellite capable of only  
the most rudimentary radio transmissions

(MURRAY TAKES THE  
SATELLITE AND  
PUTS IT ON THE  
BUS ROOF-RACK.  
HE THEN WRITES  
IN A NOTEBOOK)

MURRAY: Thanks Doctor. I have to fill in an accident report or Head Office will withdraw my licence. As it is, it's touch and go.

BILLY: Uh ... Exactly what is it you're trying to do?

(THE DOCTOR POINTS  
TO A SMALL BLACK  
BOX WITH A CRYSTAL  
AT THE CENTRE)

THE DOCTOR: That's the navipod. If we can unbolt it then we can replace the damaged crystal.

(BILLY DIVES INTO  
THE ENGINE WITH  
HIS SPANNERS.

THE DOCTOR ENTERS  
THE TARDIS AND  
REAPPEARS A MOMENT  
LATER WITH A SMALL  
REINFORCED BOX.

BILLY EMERGES FROM  
THE ENGINE BAY  
TRIUMPHANTLY  
HOLDING THE NAVIPOD)

Well done. Now, inside this box is the only Quarb crystal this side of the Softel Nebula.

MURRAY: It was really lucky you came along, Doctor. (ASIDE) Head Office said this was my last chance to make good.

(THE DOCTOR HANDS  
THE BOX TO MURRAY  
AND STARTS UNSCREWING  
THE LID OF THE  
NAVIPOD.

THE LID COMES OFF  
AND THE DOCTOR  
TAKES OUT A BROKEN  
CRYSTAL.

MURRAY OPENS THE  
BOX AND TAKES OUT  
THE NEW CRYSTAL.

HE SLIPS IT INTO  
THE NAVIPOD AND  
THE DOCTOR SCREWS  
THE LID BACK)

THE DOCTOR: Carefully does it now.  
There!

BILLY: I'll refit it.

(BILLY AND MURRAY  
DUCK INTO THE  
ENGINE.

WE HEAR AN  
APPROACHING SCOOTER.

A RED LAMBRETTA  
SCOOTER DRAWS UP.

THE RIDER IN BLACK  
JEANS AND DENIM  
JACKET TAKES OFF  
HER HELMET AND  
SHAKES DOWN HER  
HAIR.

SHE'S RACHEL - RAY -  
AND SWEET ON BILLY  
WHO HASN'T YET  
NOTICED SHE'S A  
GIRL)

RAY: Hi Billy.

BILLY: Hi Rachel. This is Murray  
and the Doctor.



RAY: Please call me Ray. Do you guys want a hand?

MURRAY: You haven't by any chance got a one-and-five-eights socket, have you?

(RAY DIGS INTO HER  
SHOULDER BAG AND  
PRODUCES THE RIGHT  
ITEM.

MURRAY IS AGOG.

THE DOCTOR IS  
TAKING MORE OF  
AN INTEREST IN  
HER TOO.

MURRAY TAKES IT  
AND JOINS BILLY  
WORKING ON THE  
ENGINE)

THE DOCTOR: Do you always carry  
a full set of tools around with you?

RAY: It's what Billy taught me -  
always to be prepared.

THE DOCTOR: Absolutely. A stitch  
in time is worth two in space.

(SHE SNEAKS A GLANCE  
AT BILLY WHO HAS  
STEPPED BACK AND IS  
WATCHING MURRAY  
WORK.

MURRAY IS GRUNTING  
AS HE TIGHTENS THE  
NAVIPOD INTO PLACE.

SOMETHING CLANGS!

MURRAY APPEARS  
WHEY-FACED FROM  
ENGINE BAY, HOLDING  
THE BROKEN CRYSTAL  
IN HIS HAND)

MURRAY: (AGHAST) I've broken it!  
The new crystal - no licence, no  
job, no future!

THE DOCTOR: There will always be  
a future. If you think it would  
help I could transport everyone in  
the Tardis.

MURRAY: Thanks Doctor, but a captain  
never leaves his ship.

THE DOCTOR: There is another  
alternative - I can accelerate growth  
in the thermobooster and create a  
new crystal in about twenty-four  
hours.

MURRAY: (LIGHTING UP) That's  
fantastic! You've saved my life,  
Doctor. I can't see any problem  
with staying here for twenty-four  
hours.

RAY: Great. I'll see you all at  
the dance then.

MURRAY: A dance - with live music?

RAY: Uh-huh. Billy here plays great  
rock 'n roll.

MURRAY: Sounds too good to miss.

RAY: Okay - see you later, alligator!

MURRAY: (TO DOCTOR) I just love  
all that 50's talk!

(SHE STARTS THE  
SCOOTER AND  
RIDES AWAY)

THE DOCTOR: A most personable young  
woman, that. Practical too. She  
seems most fond of you, Billy.

BILLY: She's OK. Like my little  
sister, you know.

(BILLY STARTS  
PACKING HIS  
TOOLS)

If you don't need me for anything  
else I'll go and wash up for dinner.

MURRAY: Sounds like a good idea  
- all this spannering really works  
up an appetite.

THE DOCTOR: I don't know much about  
spanners, but I used to have a sonic  
screwdriver.

(THEY ALL TURN  
AND START WALKING  
BACK TO CAMP)

29. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. DAY.

(MEL IS UNPACKING  
HER SUITCASE -  
50'S CLOTHES LAID  
OUT ON THE BED.

DELTA IS PUTTING  
A FRESH CLIP INTO  
HER GUN.

WE HEAR A LOUD  
GONG IN BACKGROUND.

DELTA GRABS HER  
GUN AND JUMPS  
TO A POSITION  
BESIDE THE WINDOW)

DELTA: (HISSING) What's that?!

MEL: It's ... uh ... The dinner  
gong.

(DELTA LOOKS AT HER  
WITH SUSPICION THEN  
PEEPS THROUGH THE  
WINDOW.

SHE SIGHS AND PUTS  
HER GUN DOWN)

I ... uh ... As soon as I've finished  
unpacking I think I'll go and get  
something to eat.

DELTA: Can you be trusted?

MEL: (NERVOUS) Oh yes! Utterly!  
Discretion is my middle name.



(MEL SMILES WINNINGLY.

DELTA LOOKS AT HER  
WITH SUSPICION, BUT  
THEN DECIDES THAT  
SHE'S ALRIGHT.

MEL SMILES AND  
EXITS, TIPTOEING  
AND TRYING TO LOOK  
UNCONCERNED)

30. EXT. SHANGRI-LA. BOAT SHED. DAY.

(BILLY IS WORKING  
ON HIS BIKE, A  
GLEAMING VINCENT  
BLACK SHADOW WITH  
SIDECAR.

THE TOURIST AND  
THE WOMAN WATCH  
FASCINATED)

TOURIST: What is it?

BILLY: This here's a Vincent Black  
Shadow - finest motorcycle in the  
world.

WOMAN: But what does it do?

BILLY: Oh, about 130 on a good day.  
That's without the sidecar, of course.

TOURIST: (MYSTIFIED) A hundred  
and thirty what?

BILLY: Miles an hour of course.

WOMAN: I see! It's a form of  
transport.

(MEL WALKS PAST)

31. INT. SHANGRI-LA. DINING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR SITS  
ALONE AT A TABLE,  
EATING.

MEL ENTERS AND  
JOINS HIM, TAKING  
AN APPLE FROM HIS  
TRAY.

DELTA ENTERS A  
MOMENT LATER.

SHE SITS ALONE  
AND ALOOF.

KEILLOR WATCHES  
HER)

MEL: There's something odd going  
on here, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Well, it's home -  
at least until the navipod is fixed.  
Speaking personally, I rather like it.

MEL: I'm determined to try and enjoy  
myself. If I can ...

THE DOCTOR: Excellent! Now, about  
your room-mate ...

MEL: She's got a gun!

THE DOCTOR: A photon blaster?

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MEL: I didn't stop to check the  
type! She's very on edge ...

THE DOCTOR: Have you spoken to her  
at all?

MEL: Of course, but she's totally  
withdrawn. And guns make me nervous.

(BILLY ENTERS AND  
PICKS UP A TRAY.

HE GETS SOME FOOD  
AND PULLS UP A  
CHAIR OPPOSITE  
DELTA.

SHE GLANCES UP  
BRIEFLY AT HIM.

BILLY SMILES -  
THEY HAVE A MOMENT'S  
EYE CONTACT THEN  
SHE GETS UP AND  
LEAVES.

BILLY AND THE  
DOCTOR WATCH HER  
GO)

THE DOCTOR: If she's who I think  
she is then she's in danger ...

MEL: From someone here?

THE DOCTOR: That's what we have  
to discover.

(BURTON HAS GOT  
TO HIS FEET  
AND IS TAPPING  
A GLASS FOR  
SILENCE)

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BURTON: This is to remind you that tonight we are having our Get-To-Know-You dance. Everyone is most welcome. From eight 'til late.

(HE SITS.

MEL RISES)

THE DOCTOR: Try and get her to come to the dance. She might be willing to speak to me later on.

MEL: I'll see what I can do.

(SHE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
FOR HIS APPLE.

KEILLOR WATCHES  
HER GO)

32. INT. SPACE TOLL. NIGHT.

(GAVROK AND A COUPLE  
OF HIS THUGS HAVE  
TURNED THE PLACE  
OVER.

THE TOLMASTER IS  
STANDING AND QUAKING.

GAVROK TAKES A ZAP  
GUN FROM HIS BELT  
AND CROSSES TO THE  
TOLLMASTER. HE PUTS  
THE GUN AGAINST HIS  
HEAD)

GAVROK: For the last time - tell  
me her destination and I'll let you  
live.

TOLLMASTER: It's ... It's strictly  
confidential ...

GAVROK: (COCKING HIS WEAPON) I  
am getting tired of all this. Tell  
me now!

TOLLMASTER: They were going ...  
They were going to Disneyland when  
they hit the satellite. They were  
blown off course - I don't know where.

GAVROK: You can't do any better  
than that?

TOLLMASTER: (QUAKING) Please, I  
honestly don't know!



(GAVROK SUDDENLY  
RELAXES AND PATS  
HIM ON THE SHOULDER)

GAVROK: I can see you've done your  
best.

(GAVROK SUDDENLY  
SPINS AND SHOOTS  
THE TOLLMASER  
DEAD.

HIS HENCHMEN  
GATHER AROUND)

We have wasted enough time here.

(TURNING TO HIS  
CAPTAIN)

Plot a course for Earth. I want  
every informer throughout the  
Galaxy on the lookout for her.

(THEY ALL EXIT)

33. INT. DANCE HALL. SHANGRI-LA. NIGHT.

(A BARN-LIKE HALL  
WITH STREAMERS  
AND A BANNER SAYING  
SHANGRI-LA 1959.

SMALL STAGE AT ONE  
END WITH A BAND  
ON IT.

BILLY IS LEAD  
GUITARIST AND  
SINGER. THE NAME  
ON THE DRUM KIT  
IS 'THE LORELLS'.

THE DOCTOR NEAR  
THE STAGE INSPECTING  
A LARGE, WICKED  
LOOKING LOUDSPEAKER.

THE SOUND OF THE  
BAND TUNING UP  
COMES THROUGH THIS.  
THE BAND BEGINS  
TO JAM ON A LOUD  
ROCK AND ROLL  
TUNE.

BILLY JOINS THE  
DOCTOR.

THE MUSIC RISES  
IN VOLUME THROUGHOUT  
THEIR DIALOGUE)

BILLY: How do you like it, Doctor?  
I built it myself. With spare parts  
from the war.

THE DOCTOR: (AS THE MUSIC RISES) How  
appropriate.

BILLY: What?



THE DOCTOR: I said, for a primitive piece of technology, it can certainly deliver the decibels!

BILLY: That's what rock and roll is all about!

(HE JUMPS UP  
ONTO THE STAGE  
AND JOINS THE  
BAND IN FULL SWING,  
THEIR JAMMING  
NOW A RECOGNISABLE  
TUNE - "SINGING  
THE BLUES".

THE DOCTOR CROSSES  
THE CROWDED  
DANCE FLOOR.

THE CAMP STAFF  
ARE ALL PRESENT,  
IDENTIFIED BY  
COATS LIKE BURTON,  
THEY MINGLE WITH  
THE GUESTS.

THE DOCTOR JOINS  
MURRAY NEAR THE  
DOOR)

MURRAY: This is great. The 1950's nights back on Navarro were never like this.

(JUST THEN MEL  
AND DELTA APPEAR,  
BOTH DRESSED TO  
THE NINES.

MURRAY GRABS MEL  
AND WHIRLS HER  
AROUND THE DANCE  
FLOOR. DELTA  
STOPS AS SHE CATCHES  
THE DOCTOR'S EYE,  
THEN WALKS TO THE  
FRONT OF THE STAGE.

THE DOCTOR IS  
WATCHING HER WHEN  
HE SUDDENLY BECOMES  
AWARE OF SOMEONE  
AT HIS SIDE.

HE TURNS AND GAWPS  
- IT'S RAY, WHO  
IS OUT OF HER  
BIKING GEAR AND  
LOOKING VERY FEMININE.

SHE SMILES)

RAY: See, Doctor? It's not all  
that bad now, is it?

THE DOCTOR: I ... uh ... No, not  
at all. Rather nice in fact.

RAY: Let's go to the front. I  
can't see Billy properly from here.

THE DOCTOR: Have you known each  
other for a long time?

RAY: Since we were kids. I even  
learned all about motorbikes in the  
hope that it'd make him notice me.  
But it doesn't seem to have made a  
blind bit of difference.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, let's go to  
the front.

(HE TAKES RAY'S  
ARM AND GUIDES  
HER THROUGH THE  
CROWD.

THE SONG ENDS AS  
THEY REACH THE  
STAGE.

EVERYONE CLAPS.

BILLY TAKES THE  
MIKE)

BILLY: Thanks folks. And now a romantic number from across the pond - for a very special lady in the audience - Why do fools fall in love?

(HE WINKS AT  
SOMEONE IN THE  
CROWD.

RAY THINKS IT'S  
HER AND SHE'S IN  
HEAVEN UNTIL SHE  
SEES THAT BILLY'S  
GAZE IS IN FACT  
NOT ON HER - SHE  
TURNS AND SEES  
DELTA HAS BILLY'S  
EYE.

RAY'S FACE REGISTERS  
HER PAIN AND SHE  
STARTS TO PUSH HER  
WAY THROUGH THE  
CROWD TOWARDS THE  
DOOR.

SOMEONE GRABS HER  
ARM AND SHE TURNS  
- TO SEE THE DOCTOR -  
LOOKING AWKWARD)

THE DOCTOR: I was wondering, Ray ...

RAY: Thank you, Doctor, I'd love to!

(RAY SMILES  
APPRECIATIVELY AND  
DRAGS HIM ONTO THE  
FLOOR. IT'S  
UNCERTAIN WHETHER  
THE DOCTOR WOULD'VE  
ASKED HER TO DANCE  
BUT HE'S TOO  
GRACIOUS TO CREATE  
A FUSS.

BILLY AND DELTA ARE  
GAZING INTO EACH  
OTHER'S EYES WHILE  
THE BAND PLAYS ON)

34. EXT. HILLTOP. NIGHT.

(THE PUP TENT  
HAS BEEN ERECTED  
WITH THE TELESCOPE  
STICKING OUT  
THROUGH THE FLAP.

A LOW FIRE BURNS  
OUTSIDE, THROWING  
DANCING LIGHT  
ONTO THE TENT)

WEISMULLER: (V.O.) Hey Hawk, go  
and put some more wood on the fire.

HAWK: (V.O.) Why don't you,  
Weismuller?

WEISMULLER: (V.O.) Because you're  
next to the flap, Hawk.

HAWK: (V.O.) Yeah, well take your  
feet out of my face first.

(THE TENT GIVES  
A POWERFUL LURCH  
THEN HAWK STAGGERS  
OUT.

HE THROWS A LOG  
ON THE FIRE)

I'll get you, Weismuller!



35. EXT. DANCE HALL. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
MURRAY EMERGE  
FROM THE DANCE  
HALL, PUFFING  
AND FANNING  
THEMSELVES.)

MUSIC IN B.G.)

MURRAY: Whew! It's hot in there!

THE DOCTOR: You Navarinos have a  
notoriously high metabolic rate.

MURRAY: Yeah. That hula hoop  
competition nearly finished me off.

(THEY STAND CATCHING  
THEIR BREATH. THEN  
THE DOOR FLIES OPEN  
AND DELTA RUSHES  
OUT TO DISAPPEAR  
INTO THE NIGHT.)

THE DOCTOR STARTS  
AFTER HER)

THE DOCTOR: Excuse me, Murray.

MURRAY: Hey! You'll miss the  
goodnight song, Doctor!

(THE DOCTOR ALSO  
DISAPPEARS INTO  
THE NIGHT.)

MURRAY TURNS AND  
GOES BACK INSIDE.

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TILT UP TO  
REVEAL A P.A. HORN  
WHICH CRACKLES  
INTO LIFE.

WE HEAR A VOICE  
START SINGING  
'GOODNIGHT, CAMPERS'  
TO THE TUNE OF  
'GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART')



36. EXT. LAUNDRY STORE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR APPEARS  
FROM THE DARK AND  
WALKS DOWN A WOOD  
'SIDEWALK' OUTSIDE  
THE HUTS, LISTENING  
AS HE GOES.

HE FINALLY STOPS  
OUTSIDE A HUT  
MARKED 'LINEN  
STORE'. HE'S  
CAUGHT A SOUND.  
HE LISTENS HARD.

WE HEAR A FAINT  
SOBBING.

HE GENTLY PUSHES  
OPEN THE DOOR.

SONG CONTINUES IN  
B.G.)

37. INT. LAUNDRY STORE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR  
ENTERS. SITTING  
ON A PILE OF CLEAN  
LINEN IS RAY,  
DABBING HER EYES.

SHE PUTS ON A  
BRAVE SMILE AS  
SOON AS SHE SEES  
HIM)

RAY: Hi, I was just ... uh ... I  
don't know, Doctor, am I being a  
fool? Billy didn't even offer  
me a ride home.

THE DOCTOR: There's many a slap  
twixt cup and lap, Ray ...

RAY: Somehow I always thought  
we'd end up together. Shows how  
wrong you can be. Tch! Listen to  
me! What are you doing here, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I was hoping to find  
someone ...

(WE HEAR THE  
DOOR OPENING)

RAY: (WHISPERING URGENTLY) We're  
not supposed to be in here!

(SHE AND THE DOCTOR  
HIDE BEHIND THE  
TALL SHELVES.

WE HEAR THE DOOR  
BEING LOCKED.



THEY STAND STOCK  
STILL, HOLDING  
THEIR BREATH AND  
LISTENING. SOMEONE  
IS MAKING LITTLE  
MECHANICAL CLICKING  
NOISES ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF  
THE LAUNDRY PILE.

THE DOCTOR STANDS  
UP AND PEEPS OVER  
THE TOP.

KEILLOR HAS  
EXTENDED THE  
AERIAL ON A SMALL  
TRANSMITTER WHICH  
HE HOLDS TO HIS  
MOUTH)

KEILLOR: Connect me with the  
Bannermen Leader ...

(GAVROK (V.O.)  
THROUGH A FILTER  
OF STATIC)

GAVROK: Bannermen One - go ahead.

KEILLOR: I believe that you're  
offering a reward for the Chimeron  
queen.

GAVROK: (V.O.) Affirmative - one  
million units. Do you have information?

KEILLOR: I have found her. Repeat,  
I have found her.

GAVROK: (V.O.) What is your status?

KEILLOR: I am a soldier of fortune.  
Now, do you want to trade or not?

GAVROK: (V.O.) Affirmative.

KEILLOR: She is at a place called Shangri-la, in South Wales, Western Hemisphere, Earth. Lock onto this signal to guide you in ...

GAVROK: (V.O.) The reward will be yours when we arrive. End transmission.

(KEILLOR GRINS  
TO HIMSELF AND  
THROWS A SWITCH  
ON THE TRANSMITTER  
WHICH FLASHES AND  
BLEEPS IN SIGNAL  
MODE.

THE DOCTOR IS  
LOOKING AGHAST.  
ESPECIALLY AS THE  
SHELF WHICH HE'S  
PEEPING THROUGH  
IS INCH DEEP WITH  
DUST. THE DOCTOR  
STARTS TO WRINKLE  
HIS NOSE, TRYING  
TO FIGHT OFF A SNEEZE.

KEILLOR STARTS TO  
UNLOCK THE DOOR WHEN  
THERE IS A MASSIVE  
SNEEZE FROM BEHIND  
THE LINEN.

KEILLOR PRODUCES  
A ZAP GUN. HE  
STARTS CAUTIOUSLY  
ADVANCING TOWARDS  
THE SOUND)

38. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(DELTA SITS AT  
THE DRESSING TABLE  
BRUSHING HER HAIR.

MEL SITS ON  
DELTA'S BED, THE  
SILVER ORB BEHIND  
HER.

DELTA LOOKS AT  
MEL IN THE MIRROR)

DELTA: Thank you ...

MEL: What for?

DELTA: For lending me your dress.  
For making an effort to be kind.

MEL: I'd help anyone in trouble,  
if I could ...

DELTA: Mel, there's something you  
should know ...

39. INT. LINEN STORE. NIGHT.

(KEILLOR HAS  
THE DOCTOR AND  
RAY AT GUNPOINT, BACKED UP  
AGAINST THE PILES  
OF LINEN. HE  
STILL HOLDS THE  
BLEEPING TRANSMITTER)

KEILLOR: What a marvellous bonus.  
You're the traveller called The  
Doctor. Your death will make me  
richer still.

THE DOCTOR: If you kill for money  
then let the girl go. She isn't  
worth anything to you.

KEILLOR: I don't just kill for  
money. It's also something I enjoy  
...

(KEILLOR RAISES  
HIS WEAPON AND  
TAKES AIM.

THE DOCTOR STEPS  
IN FRONT OF RAY.

WE HEAR THE  
INSISTENT BLEEP  
OF THE TRANSMITTER)



40. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(MEL AND DELTA.

MEL STARING AT  
THE SILVER ORB  
AS IT SHUDDERS  
VIOLENTLY AND  
BEGINS TO SPLIT  
OPEN)

41. EXT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(BILLY SLICKS  
BACK HIS HAIR,  
TRIES TO STRAIGHTEN  
UP THE BUNCH OF  
WILTED FLOWERS  
IN HIS HAND, AND  
SQUARES HIS  
SHOULDERS AS HE  
STEPS UP TO THE  
CABIN DOOR.

END B.G. SONG  
WITH A FINAL  
'GOODNIGHT'.

BILLY GRINS.

HE RAISES HIS  
KNUCKLES TO RAP  
ON THE DOOR WHEN  
HE HEARS A PIERCING  
SCREAM! FROM  
INSIDE.

IN A SECOND HE  
BACKS UP AND  
CHARGES THE DOOR  
WITH HIS SHOULDER)

42. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(BILLY FLIES  
THROUGH THE DOOR  
AND IS BROUGHT  
UP SHORT BY  
WHAT HE SEES -  
MEL IS BACKED  
UP AGAINST THE  
FAR WALL, HER  
HAND COVERING  
HER MOUTH.

HE CAN'T BELIEVE  
HIS EYES - ON THE  
BED IS A SMALL  
UGLY GREEN BABY  
CHIMERON BESIDE  
BROKEN EGGSHELL.

AND DELTA'S  
WALKING TOWARDS  
IT - ARMS  
OUTSTRETCHED,  
SMILING)

DELTA: My baby. My beautiful  
baby.

SUPOSE CAM

End  
Titles:

FADE OUT